

THE DAILY MIRROR, Tuesday, March 20, 1917.

FRANCO-BRITISH DRIVING ON—BRITAIN'S WAR BILL NOW £7,260,000 DAILY

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1917

One Penny.

THE KING AND QUEEN AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AMONG THE ROYAL MOURNERS AT THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT'S FUNERAL.



Carrying the coffin up the steps of the chapel. Behind is the Duke of Connaught with his son and daughter-in-law, Prince and Princess Arthur, the King, between Queen

Mary and Queen Alexandra, and the Prince of Wales with Prince Albert (in naval uniform) and Prince Henry. Simplicity of ceremonial characterised the funeral.



Queen Alexandra and two of her grandsons.



Indian representatives.



The King and his mother.



The three Princes. Prince Henry wore the Eton College O.T.C. uniform.



The Duke and Prince Arthur saluting.

The ashes of the Duchess of Connaught were deposited yesterday in the Chapel of St. George, at Windsor, the home of British chivalry, where thirty-eight years ago this month she came as a bride. Guards of honour furnished by the Life Guards and Foot Guards

were posted in the grounds, while in the chapel itself the nave was lined with representatives of the Canadian regiments, including the Duchess of Connaught's Own Irish Canadian Rangers.—(Exclusive to The Daily Mirror.)

£7,260,000 A DAY OUR WAR BILL.

Mr. Bonar Law's Startling Revelation in House.

"SPECIAL PAYMENTS."

A startling increase in the cost of the war was revealed by Mr. Bonar Law, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons last night.

The daily average payment for war expenditure between February 11 last and March 31 next, the end of the current financial year, would, he estimated, be £7,260,000 a day.

In this period the Government had had heavy special payments falling due, which had increased the average expenditure by over £1,000,000 a day.

The average daily expenditure from April 1, 1916, to March 31, 1917, would work out approximately at £6,000,000 per day.

The Chancellor also gave the following figures:

National Debt £3,900,000,000

Due from Allies and

Dominions 964,000,000

Mr. Law, in mentioning the increased cost of the war, pointed out that any estimate of the average daily war expenditure over a limited period was bound to be misleading.

The gross expenditure on the Navy for 1915-16 was £21,421,914 and the net expenditure £205,733,566.

HOARDERS BEWARE.

Food Controller to Issue a Drastic Order Shortly.

Captain Bathurst stated yesterday in Parliament that the Food Controller proposed to deal drastically in an Order which would be shortly issued with the hoarding of all articles of food.

If there was any evidence that in any case the lb. of sugar per head of the population, as apportioned by the Royal Sugar Commission, was not available for domestic consumption, a searching investigation would be taken with a view to getting up a sufficient quantity of sugar.

There is likely to be a good deal of criticism of the Food Controller's voluntary rationing scheme in the House of Lords on Thursday when Lord Desart will ask for a statement from Lord Devonport as to the success or otherwise of the scheme.

It is probable, *The Daily Mirror* understands, that the Food Controller will make an immediate announcement of a compulsory rationing scheme.

Limiting Coal Purchases.—The Board of Trade announced last night that the Controller of Coal Mines has requested the London merchants' committee to arrange that for the present no quantity exceeding one ton should be delivered at one time to any single household.

ROYAL BURIAL

The King and Queen Attend Ceremony at Windsor.

Simplicity of ceremonial characterised the funeral of the Duchess of Connaught, which took place yesterday at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

The service was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Dean of Windsor, Canon J. N. Dalton, Canon Edgar Sheppard and Canon Clement Smith.

The casket containing the cremated remains, which arrived at Windsor overnight, had lain in the Albert Memorial Chapel, where a short service was held on its arrival.

On the arrival of the King and Queen a procession was formed in the Memorial Chapel.

After Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith had moved and seconded a vote of condolence in the House of Commons last night Mr. Ginnell raised a protest.

"I understand she was a German by birth," he said, but his attempt to move an amendment was ruled out of order by the Speaker. The vote was carried.

NO GENERAL ELECTION THREAT.

Mr. Bonar Law, answering Mr. Billing yesterday in the House of Commons, who had asked him whether he would take immediate steps for the compilation of a new register, said that he could not elaborate previous replies on the subject.

Mr. Pringle: In view of the threat made on Friday, is not this a more urgent question?

Mr. Bonar Law: I made no threat, and I hope that the hon. members opposite (the Nationalists) did not regard it as a threat.

Mr. Devlin: What was it, then?

Mr. Bonar Law: It was a statement of what I regarded as a possibility.

MR. CHURCHILL'S PLAN

Seizure of Gallipoli by Greek Army Proposed in August, 1914.

WARNING ABOUT TURKEY.

Further light on Mr. Churchill's part in the inception of the Gallipoli campaign is thrown by the publication of the following notes which replace the sense of some of the portions excised from the report of the Dardanelles campaign.

Towards the end of August, 1914, Mr. Churchill formed the opinion that Turkey would join the Central Powers. On September 1 he wrote privately to General Douglas, who was then Chief of the Imperial General Staff, in the following terms:

"I have arranged with Lord Kitchener yesterday that two officers from the Admiralty should meet two officers from the D.M.O.'s Department of the War Office to-day to examine and work out a plan for the seizure, by means of a Greek Army of adequate strength, of the Gallipoli Peninsula, with a view to admitting a British Fleet to the Sea of Marmara."

"In his absence I would ask you to give the necessary directions, as the matter is urgent, and Turkey may make very well at any moment."

"The meeting can take place either here or at the War Office as soon as you can arrange with our Chief of the Staff. I will myself explain verbally to the Committee the points on which His Majesty's Government desire information."

On September 3 General Callwell, the Director of Military Operations, wrote to the Admiralty on the subject, in which he said that:

"it ought to be clearly understood that an attack upon the Gallipoli Peninsula from the sea side (the straits) is likely to prove an extremely difficult operation of war."

He expressed the opinion that it would not be justifiable to undertake the operation with an army of less than 60,000 men.

An officer from the Admiralty was asked the following question: "Did the Intelligence in your possession favour the idea that the arrival of the British Fleet would have produced a revolution in Constantinople?" He replied: "Oh, yes; certainly—it would, I feel no hesitation in saying that."

At the time of the bombardment it was suspected by the Admiralty that the forts of the Dardanelles were getting short of ammunition. Evidence was subsequently obtained which showed that the suspicion was correct.

On March 17 General Paget, who was engaged on a special mission in the Balkans, telegraphed to Lord Kitchener that—

"The operations in the Dardanelles have made a deep impression; that all possibilities of Bulgaria attacking any Balkan State that might side with the Entente is now over, and there is some reason to think that shortly the Bulgarian Army will move against Turkey to co-operate in the Dardanelles operations."

HUN LOSSES 4,148,163.

Latest Lists Show That Over One Million Germans Are Dead.

The casualties reported in the German official lists during the month of February, 1917, total 60,471. This total, added to casualties reported in previous months, brings the totals reported in German official lists since the beginning of the war to:

Killed and died of wounds	946,223
Died of sickness	61,177
Prisoners	264,159
Missing	286,295
Seriously wounded	546,627
Wounded	301,386
Slightly wounded	1,533,104
Wounded, remaining with units	228,701
	4,148,163

The above figures do not constitute an estimate by the British authorities, but merely represent those given in German official lists.

The old main bridge at Frankfurt-on-Main which was bombed by a French airman as a reprisal for Bapaume.

"DANGER NOT OVER."

Premier on Russian Revolution An Epoch in History.

PETROGRAD IN RED.

The danger of the Russian revolution was not yet over, but the new Government had been formed for the purpose of carrying on the war with increased vigour.

This is what Mr. Lloyd George told the House of Commons yesterday, the Prime Minister adding that the Government had every confidence that the Russian people would find that liberty is compatible with order, even in revolutionary times, and that a free people were the best defenders of their own honour.

They were confident that these events, marking as they did a epoch in the history of the world and the first triumph for the principles for which this country entered the war, would result not in any confusion or slackening in the conduct of the war but in a closer and more effective co-operation between the Russian people and their Allies.

A motion on the Russian situation will be taken in the House of Commons on Thursday.

"PETROGRAD, Sunday Night.—Petrograd, celebrating victory quietly. The streets are full, but the crowd is orderly. Soldiers are drilling, and the palaces and public buildings are draped in red."

The abolition of the Pale and the admission of Jews into Russian brotherhood will strengthen the financial position of Russia.

ROME, Monday.—The Grand Duke Nicholas has arrived at Petrograd.—Exchange.

The Swedish Social-Democratic learns that most of the members of the Duma's Executive Committee were willing to appoint the Tsar's son as Emperor, but the Socialist members declared that if this were done they would proclaim a republic.

"UNWILLING MOTHERS".

Doctor's Indictment of Women Who Evade "the Great Task."

"There are women who marry with the deliberate intention of evading motherhood," was the statement made by Major T. Watts Eden at a meeting yesterday of the National Institute of Motherhood.

"I have been consulted," he added, "by large numbers of women who advanced the most trivial excuses for getting out of their difficulty."

"Sometimes it was travelling; sometimes it was travelling; and sometimes the excuse was that they would be ill during the London season. Of course, they apply unsuccessfully to the doctors. I hope that is understood."

Motherhood, Major Watts Eden continued, was the first and greatest task of women.

LOVE ON THE FILMS.

"Too Much Fooling About," Says Schoolgirl to Cinema Commission.

To get at the inner mind of a child, the Cinema Commission yesterday adopted the novel course of calling three South London schoolgirls. Two were thirteen years of age and the other, a bright little Irish girl, of twelve.

"I should like to see a picture of the circus," said one of the elder girls in answer to questions.

I should like a good drama, but not a love drama," replied the second thirteen-year-old girl.

"You don't like love dramas, then?"—"No, I don't," was the emphatic reply. "There's too much fooling about in them, and there's always hatred between two men and two women."

"What sort of pictures do children like?"

The girls (in chorus): "When cowboys and Indians come on they're loudly clapped."

"Do you like flowers or birds' nests?"—"No, not very much."

"Charlie Chaplin?"—"Yes," they exclaimed gleefully.

They didn't care for views of landscapes except in a few instances.

A BRITISH DESTROYER SUNK IN CHANNEL RAID.

Another Torpedoed While On Rescue Work.

FOE'S HURRIED FLIGHT.

BRITISH OFFICIAL

The Admiralty announced yesterday that enemy destroyers shelled the undefended watering place of Ramsgate for a few minutes on the night of the 17th-18th inst.

They retired hurriedly before our local forces and escaped in the darkness.

It was not possible to ascertain the damage inflicted on them.

At almost the same time enemy destroyers engaged one of our destroyers on patrol to the eastward of the Straits of Dover, sinking her with a torpedo.

She returned the fire, using torpedoes and guns. The result is not known.

There were eight survivors from the crew, but all the officers were drowned.

A second British destroyer was torpedoed, but not seriously damaged, while picking up the survivors from the first.

A British merchant vessel in the northern part of the Downs was sunk by a torpedo during the night of the 17th-18th.

The next-of-kin have been informed.

"FORTIFIED PORT."

GERMAN OFFICIAL

One of our naval aeroplanes on Saturday afternoon dropped bombs on the works at Dover. On Sunday night portions of our naval forces again penetrated the Straits of Dover and the mouth of the Thames.

The southern attacking group sank a hostile destroyer of the Channel patrol in a fight

"THE MAN WHO FORGOT."

BY RUBY M. AYRES.

The opening chapters of this fascinating story will be found on page 3 of to-day's *Daily Mirror*.

This story has been published "by special request" of our readers; and it will delight them, for it is the best serial that Miss Ayres has so far written.

The tremendous scenes in which we are living are her inspiration, but the war is not the topic of the story.

close quarters, and a second destroyer was seriously damaged.

The northern attacking group torpedoed a merchant vessel of about 1,500 tons near the North Foreland and sank (1) two outpost vessels by artillery fire.

Subsequently this group effectively shelled the fortified port of Margate at close range.

The enemy land batteries replied unsuccessfully and our naval forces returned absolutely free from damage or casualties.—Reuter.

"BOMBS ON LONDON" TALE.

GERMAN OFFICIAL

BERLIN, March 17.—"One of our naval airship squadrons, in spite of violent counter-attacks by hostile airmen and anti-aircraft guns, successfully dropped bombs on London and the suburbs, causing considerable damage during half an hour. Our airships returned safely."

"According to French reports, L.21 was brought down by French anti-aircraft guns near Compiegne, to the north-east of Paris, at an altitude of 11,000 ft."

The telegram adds the following details, which it declares are from an authoritative source:

"The airships observed no fewer than fifty to sixty searchlights within the London area. The fire of these lights they were hotly, but fruitlessly, met by incendiary projectiles. Hostile airmen also took part in the attacks on the airships, without, however, succeeding in approaching them."

"During the journey back a heavy storm arose. The airships were vainly sought for by the searchlights of the Thames defences and by the British outposts."—Reuter.

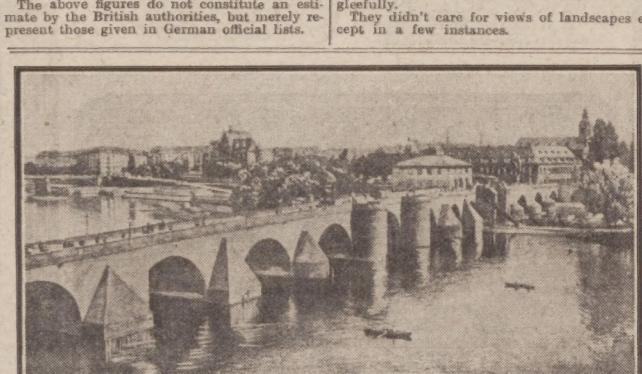
FULL PENSIONS FOR BROKEN HEROES

When the Civil Service Estimates came under discussion in the House of Commons yesterday a number of members criticised the warrant under which an increased scale of pay is to be granted to disabled men.

Mr. Barnes, the Pensions Minister, said that men affected by disease—neither attributable to nor aggravated by war—should get a gratuity of £100 or less. At present they go nothing. Men who had been broken in the war would be entitled to the full pension under the warrant.

GEN. ROBERTSON SEES THE KING.

General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was received by the King last evening.



The old main bridge at Frankfurt-on-Main which was bombed by a French airman as a reprisal for Bapaume.

BRITISH ADVANCE 8 MILES—40 VILLAGES TAKEN

Our Cavalry and Advanced Guards Drive Back German Rearguards.

SIR D. HAIG: 'PURSUIT OF ENEMY CONTINUED.'

Our Airmen Successfully Engage the Retreating Troops with Machine Guns—French Pressing On.

BRITISH OFFICIAL

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Monday.

9.37 P.M.—The pursuit of the enemy was continued to-day, our cavalry and advance guards driving back the enemy's rearguards.

The ground gained extends to a depth of from 2 to 8 miles, and 40 more villages have fallen into our hands.

The enemy raided our trenches early this morning in the neighbourhood of Loos and north-east of Ypres. A few of our men are missing.

Our aeroplanes did much valuable work yesterday in co-operation with our infantry.

The enemy's troops were engaged successfully with machine guns, and bombs were dropped in a number of places behind his lines.

In air fights one German machine was destroyed and one driven down damaged. Two of our aeroplanes are missing.

FRENCH CAPTURE GERMAN SECOND POSITION.

Guiscard Occupied by Our Allies—Shameful Devastation by the Foe.

FRENCH OFFICIAL

PARIS, Monday.—During the night our light detachments, keeping in close touch with the enemy, continued their advance without a stop. East of Nesle we reached the Ham-Nesle railway line at several points. North of Noyon we occupied Guiscard [six miles north-east of Noyon], and we advanced our patrols along the national road of St. Quentin.

East of the Oise we captured the second German position. The number of French townships and villages liberated by us in the last three days is now about 100.

Many localities were devastated and pillaged shamefully by the enemy.

Thousands of the inhabitants that the Germans had not been able to drive away are coming forward to welcome our soldiers.

BERLIN SAYS RETREAT WAS "UNDISTURBED."

"Prudent and Heroic Conduct of Rear-guard Troops."

GERMAN OFFICIAL

Western Front.—During the past few days a tract of land between the region of Arras and of the Aisne was evacuated by us in accordance with plans.

The movements, prepared long beforehand, were carried out without disturbance by the hesitating pursuing enemy.

The retreat, forced by their prudent and heroic conduct, announced the evacuation of the positions and the departure of the forces.

In the evacuated regions traffic (railway) establishments which may have been of use to the enemy were destroyed. A portion of the population, after being provided with a five days' supply of provisions, was left behind.—Admiralty per Wireless.

Night.—In the Somme and the Oise regions there has been several encounters between our rearguards and British and French raiding detachments.—Admiralty per Wireless.

MONASTIR BATTLES.

GERMAN OFFICIAL

Macedonian Front.—The battles between the Oshrida and Prespa Lakes and in the basin of the Monastir stream continued yesterday.

In the neck of land between the lakes and north-west of Monastir the French were beaten back. North of the town, by ruthlessly sacrificing their troops, they secured a small gain of ground.

East of the Doiran Lake the railway station of Poroi, after the British had been driven off, was again occupied by us.—Reuter.

Night Official.—West of the Prespa Lake and north of Monastir fresh attacks made by the French have failed.—Admiralty per Wireless.



The "Hindenburg line" on which the Germans are retiring is the line Vimy-Cambrai-St. Quentin-La Fere-Laon.

SKIRMISHES WITH THE UHLANS.

How Patrols Found Places Empty of Foe Troops.

GREAT SALIENT GONE.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, BRITISH FRONT, FRANCE, Monday.—According to the latest accounts the British advance has now reached a line west of Bapaume, extending from Vaulx-Vraucourt (four miles north-east of Bapaume) to Ytres (six miles east-south-east of Bapaume).—Reuter.

[The distance from Vaulx to Ytres is six miles.]

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Monday.—These are stirring days upon the western front.

After many months of almost wholly static warfare, it needs some effort of fancy to realise that our troops are now engaged in open field campaigning, that British cavalry patrols are skirmishing with small parties of Uhlans, and that batteries of artillery are constantly galloping across country to take up new positions covering the retreat of the enemy.

The rapidity of our advance has unquestionably upset the calculations of the enemy. Position after position upon which he might well have calculated to make a stand he is being driven from by the weight of our columns and during the past forty-eight hours we have pushed the Germans off something like 200 square miles of French soil.

DRIVING IN REARGUARDS.

What we presume they had intended to be an orderly retirement, masked by frequent delaying actions, has developed into a rapid retreat and our patrols are fighting their rearguards all the way and at times driving these in very close upon the main enemy forces.

Unfortunately to-day the weather gives indications of an impending change. The sky is dark and a gale of wind is roaring over the battlefield.

From the reports that are coming back it is already abundantly clear that the Germans are being considerably mauled as they go.

The British front from the suburbs of Arras in the north to the neighbourhood of Nesle in the south has now lost the character of a line of defence.

OPEN WARFARE.

It has streamed forward in an elusive contour of open warfare.

In a general way at the moment of writing this on-flowing contour runs from south of Arras to beyond Achiet-le-Grand, bears away east-south-east to Haplincourt, thence south to Peronne and along the Somme to the outskirts of Epenancourt, afterwards trailing away south-south-west towards Nesle.

At varying distances east of that indeterminate line are pushing on patrols of infantry and cavalry, which are constantly seizing fresh villages, sometimes to find them still held by rearguard forces and sometimes to discover that the Germans have cleared out.

To take, for example, after our troops had occupied Peronne, a patrol was pushed forward into Bussu, about two miles to the north-east, but without getting into touch with the enemy.

At the same time another patrol got across the Somme by the only partially-damaged bridge of Brie and hurried on into a village a mile away to discover it was empty.

JOFFRE'S OLD LINE.

But perhaps the most striking feature of the situation, and certainly one which best illustrates the rapidity of our advance during the past two days, is the fact that our patrols have got astride the railway and the road between Arras and Bapaume in various places between the two towns without encountering any resistance.

While this cannot as yet be taken to mean that they have the undisputed use of these routes, it does prove that the Germans are back behind them. It only needs a glance at the map to show that the great Le Transloy-Hebuterne salient has disappeared.

It is an interesting fact that we are now holding practically the line which Joffre chose upon which to try to make a stand during the great retreat, but which the French Army was unable to hold under the heavy pressure of the enemy.

Every movement of the enemy is being watched with cat-like vigilance, and all along the line we are prepared to pounce.

GREAT GERMAN ATTACK AGAINST VERDUN.

French Smash Assaulting Waves on Large Part of Front.

The French and German officials on the Verdun fighting state:—

French.—After a violent bombardment directed against the Avocourt-Mort Homme front, the Germans launched a powerful attack against our positions between these two points.

Our barrage and machine gun fire smashed the waves of the assault on the greater part of the front attacked before they had been able to reach our lines and inflicted heavy losses on the enemy.

In the direction of Hill 304 and on the edge of the Avocourt Wood, where enemy parties had succeeded in penetrating into our lines on front of about 200 yards, lively hand-to-hand fighting occurred, in consequence of which the enemy was partly driven out of our advanced elements.

German.—On the south-east edge of Malancourt Wood and on the eastern slope of Height 304 some companies of proved regiments stormed several lines of French trenches extending to a width of from 500 to 800 yards and brought back as prisoners eight officers and 485 men, as well as several machine guns and mine throwers.

On the southern slope of the Mort Homme also a distinct but confused raiding party resulted in the bringing in of several prisoners.—Reuter.

HUNS' POISON SHELLS.

SALONIKI, Sunday (received yesterday).—On the night of the 16th the enemy artillery fired a large number of shells containing asphyxiating gases at the town of Monastir.

A large number of persons were killed and injured, among them women and children.—Reuter.

WHERE THE GERMANS MAY MAKE NEXT STAND.

Cambrai-St. Quentin Line Said To Be Thick with Troops.

How far will the Germans retreat and where will they make their next stand?

These are questions which everyone is asking. The Paris *Figaro* (says a Reuter's telegram) considers it reasonable to suppose that the line Vimy-Cambrai-St. Quentin-La Fere-Laon marks the extreme limit of withdrawal which the enemy intends to reach.

Echo de Paris writes:

The main point is that our advance, in pursuance of strict instructions, is being carried out with the greatest caution. We must be prepared for a possible counter-action by the enemy at some point where we have pushed forward our cavalry far ahead.

PARIS, Monday.—The *Petit Parisien* says:—

It is said that the Cambrai-St. Quentin line is crowded with troops and powerfully defended, and it is possible that the enemy is thus attempting to impede the French manoeuvre at the Marne, but the conditions are no longer the same.—Central News.

TURKS HASTILY RETIRING ON KHANIKIN.

Part of the Town of Bakubah Occupied by General Maude's Troops.

BRITISH (TIGRIS) OFFICIAL

During the night of the 17th-18th General Maude's troops effected a crossing over the Diala and occupied the village of Bahriz and the part of the town of Bakubah on the left bank of the river.

The enemy retired hastily towards Khanikin. Bakubah is a prosperous town spread over a considerable extent of the river bank, and is a good supply centre. The inhabitants are friendly and ready to trade.

In this connection it is interesting to note that Paris officially reports that the Russians, in pursuit of the Turks in Persia, have occupied Harunabad.

Harunabad is twenty miles beyond Khanikin, and seventy-five miles by road from Khanikin, the frontier town, at which place presumably, Russian and British troops may join hands. Khanikin is about fifty miles north-east of Bakubah.

MORE RUSSIAN PROGRESS.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL

Caucasian Front.—In the region south of the town of Bakubah our troops dislodged the Turks from number of positions. The latter are retreating in the direction of Pondshevka.

In the direction of Kermanshah our troops in pursuing the enemy occupied Harunabad (twenty miles south-west of Kermanshah).—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

U.S. VIRTUALLY AT WAR WITH GERMANY.

President Expected to Use Navy Against Submarines.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—It was unofficially admitted yesterday evening that a state of war virtually exists between America and Germany. Technically the United States remains in a position of armed neutrality.

One step which the President is contemplating is an immediate session of Congress to receive his proposal requesting authority to adopt aggressive measures against submarine.

The next move must be to send war vessels to seek out submarines and clear the transatlantic lane.—Reuter.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—The demobilisation of 55,000 National Guardsmen in the Federal Service has been stopped.—Exchange.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—Officials have indicated that the President will soon announce his course of action in regard to the sinking of three American ships.

The State Department, on inquiry, said:—"The situation is too serious to discuss." Mr. Lansing has conferred with the President. The capital is quiet, but an ominous calm is prevailing in official circles.

It is believed when he meets Congress the President will announce that a state of war had existed since March 18, and will ask for a war measure immediately.

It is reported that the President is considering the utilisation of the navy more vigorously against submarines. The President is, however, silent respecting his plans.—Exchange.

SPRING COMPLEXIONS



VEN-YUSA Is Safer than Soap

THE lady who would preserve the beauty of her complexion in Spring should abandon soap for the time being and use Ven-Yusa, the Oxygen Face Cream, for toilet purposes.

Sponge the face with warm water, rub the Cream in gently, and wipe off with a soft towel. The complexion will then appear soft, smooth and clear, with the natural colour tones brought out to perfection.

Ven-Yusa helps the tired, jaded skin back to health. By virtue of its novel oxygen properties, it puts fresh life into the tissues and affords real protection against those trying March winds which dry the skin and cause cracked lips and those unsightly patches of soreness on the cheeks.

Ven-Yusa is not a mere vanity touch. The "oxygen bath" which Ven-Yusa gives the skin is really necessary to obviate spring complexion blemishes.

Miss GLADYS COOPER writes:-

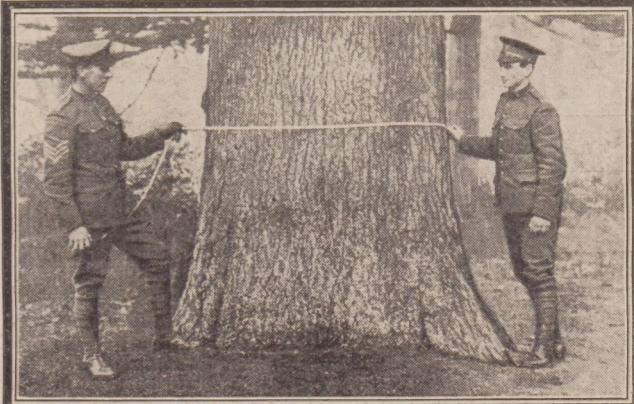
"I have found Ven-Yusa really splendid. It seems to me to have a most refreshing and softening effect on the skin."

I have particularly noticed the absence of the slightest appearance of grease, either at the time of using or later on. Ven-Yusa is really an exquisite face cream."



1/- per jar, at Chemists and Stores,
or from C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

HUGE TREE FELLED IN ROYAL FOREST.



Measuring the trunk, which was nearly 20ft. in circumference.



After it was felled. These trees are now scarce.

This cedar, which is supposed to be the largest tree of its kind in the world, has just been felled by a Canadian forestry battalion on one of the royal estates. It was of cedars of Lebanon that King Solomon's temple was constructed.

EIGHT MEN WHO ARE POSTED AS MISSING.



Rfn. J. W. Denn
(K.R.R.C.). Write to
Mr. Denn, at 1,
Clowes-road, Forest
Gate, London, E. 7.



Pte. W. B. Fuller
(Rangers). Write to
37, Kingswood-road,
Clapham Park, Lon-
don, S.W.



Pte. H. Blissett
(Royal Fusiliers).
Write to N. Rolfe,
Post Office, West
Row, Suffolk.



Pte. F. Pritchard
(Australian Imperial
Force). Write to 23,
Park-street, Southend-
on-Sea.



Pte. H. J. Andrews
(Coldstream Guards
M.G.C.). Write to 36,
York-road, West Ham-
pton.



Rfn. H. Springleett
(Rifle Brigade). Write to
Mrs. Springleett,
47, Burnt Ash-road,
Lee, London, S.E.

MILITARY MEDAL.



Sergeant W. J. Lloyd (K.R.R.). His
father is a member of *The Daily Mirror*
machine room staff.



Pte. B. L. Pepper
(Royal West Kents).
Write to 7, Ayns-
combe-angle, Orpington,
Kent.



Pte. Thomas Chisholm (Irish Fusiliers).
Write to Mrs. Chisholm,
St. Enoch Hotel, Glasgow.

LIBERTY'S WASHING CRAPE DRESSES AT SPECIAL PRICES



READY TO WEAR DAY DRESS

In durable and
soft draping crape.
Collar, cuffs and
band of hand-
printed silk.

COLOURINGS
Light & dark blue
red & pink
green
biscuit
tan &
mauve.

SIZES
13, 14 & 14½ in. necks.
35/-

PATTERN CARD
with other designs
POST FREE.

W.I.

LIBERTY & CO. REGENT ST. LONDON

WALLIS'S The Mecca of the Thrifty.



USEFUL HAT

made of
Millinery
material
with
edge,
side band
embroidered
with
Velvet Flowers,
finished
at
bottom
in Sky,
Niger,
Savannah,
Hibiscus
Rose and
Putty.
SPECIAL
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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1917.

CAUTIONARY.

THE public received the important news from the western front yesterday in a mood that we may perhaps best describe as "cautionary"; and the public does well to be cautious.

The full significance of the big movements now going on will not appear, until we see how far the Germans will withdraw, and what sort of advantages their choice of a new fortified line will leave them. For the moment it is important to understand—and we think the public have shown that they do understand—that there can be no "big victory" without big captures of men and material. It appears, so far, that the Germans are withdrawing in order, without any of such surrenders, and in a manner that evidently answers an intention come to many months ago.

There need be no flag-waving then. Past disappointments on our side have largely destroyed the taste for that form of entertainment. But, though we need not and do not shout, we do not despond either. For the moment we prefer to "wait and see." The public defers judgment.

The obvious danger we have to face in such a situation as begins to outline itself in France is that the Germans, having their big guns ready on a long-prearranged line, will be able to hamper our installation on our new line . . . As to that, we have to trust our tried leaders in the field; for they must know the alternatives in a situation long anticipated.

—For it is surely absurd to talk of the retreat as of a thing sprung upon us—unforeseen.

It was for the Germans (as we said immediately on receipt of the British communiqué yesterday) a choice between two evils. They have well chosen in choosing the lesser evil, and they seem to have acted with success upon their choice.

Having said that, you have surely said all that is unfavourable to our side.

You have to add, next, that the retreat presents itself as a battle in process of preparation. That is all.

Nothing more is known, or can be said, at present.

And indeed the situation "on all fronts" demands suspended judgment. Yet it inspires hope also. Great effort, seconded by hope—that may well be the watchword, until events define themselves more clearly; or are defined for us by those in a position to estimate them at their proper value. W. M.

THE CROCUS.

Out of the frozen earth below,
Out of the melting snow,
No flower, but a film, I push to light;
No stem, no bud,—yet I have burst
The bars of winter; I am the first,
O Sun, to greet the rose of the night!

Bare are the branches, cold is the air,
Yet I am first in the spring; I am art,
I come, a flame that is fed by none;
The summer hath blossoms for her delight,
Thick and dewy and waxes white,
Thou seest me golden, O golden Sun!

Deep in the warm sleep underground
Life is buried, and peace profound;

Yet a bairn that pined for the thrill that smote

Called me and drew me from far away—

I rose, I came, to the open day

I have won, unsheltered, alone, remote,

—H. E. HAMILTON-KING.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon the spot where he stood, only one grew before, would deserve better of man kind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.—Swift.

CANADIAN FISH FOR THE "BESIEGED CITY."

HINTS ON CHEAPER FOODS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

By EDWARD ADYE.

A good deal has been written, and written in vain, about the importance of fish as an article of diet for islanders "in a state of 'cautionary'; and the public does well to be cautious.

I have always noticed that it is hard, if not impossible, to uproot the habits of people in regard to food. If they "don't like" a food they will not even consider it. They will not consider even that it may be made palatable and pleasant by good cooking and clever preparation.

So we see now, that, in the relative scarcity of many kinds of fish, the plentiful and

stitutes, and, provided the changes be sensibly handled, the effect on the general health should be good according to the expert medical authorities.

"There is not," said one of the foremost men at Billingsgate, "one house in a score that makes a proper use of fish, nor two houses in a street where salt fish is known as a great help to an economical family menu. Like all other things, salt fish has gone up in price, yet it should be regarded as cheap at 8d. per pound."

A HEALTHY FOOD.

In some parts of the United Kingdom the garden patch supplies nearly all the vegetables, and salt fish figures very frequently as the meat of some of the strongest and healthiest men of the nation. It would be well to have such facts more widely known, since it is very necessary to become practically acquainted with many things unfamiliar but

"SERVANTS AND SAVING."

REFORM NEEDED IN THE ART OF DOMESTIC SERVICE.

REFORM DOMESTIC SERVICE.

WHEREVER two or three women are gathered together the conversation drifts to dress or servants—or both. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that this used to be the case. Nowadays, women of the same kind are more absorbed in the mysteries of "R.E." "R.A." "Reserve Battalions" and kindred subjects. The really Army woman of the past rarely talked "shop"; the women of the "temporally gazetted" talk nothing else.

So it has come about that servant talk has gone out of fashion. The question of domestic servant is more acute than ever. Nowadays girls who used to "go into service"—often as a last resort—can obtain more congenial work. After the war, however, it will revive with accumulated energy. Servants are a much abused class, and they deserve a great deal of the abuse they get. But the mistresses are not altogether blameless. Domestic service is the refuge of the incompetent, and it is not to be wondered at that servants so often give trouble.

The servant trouble would disappear if the position of the domestic help were reformed. The relations between mistress and maid are often absurd. Let the mistress require efficient service and pay for it, and the supply will be forthcoming. Women often get the servants they deserve. T. D.

SUBMARINES AND LITERATURE!

MANY papers are falling out of existence; the prices are doubled of those that remain, and one hears that fewer new books than ever are to be published.

What then?

Shall we, instead of rushing to the library for the newest tangle of love and matrimony, turn for "something to read" to those volumes, suspiciously dusty, on our own shelves? —
In our uniform Shakespeare that was a wedding present; the standard Dickens we had when we came of age; the "Pallgrave's Golden Treasury" and "Essays of Elia" we won as prizes at school? So much the better if we do.

The Zeppelins gave us back the stars—perhaps the submarines will give us back literature.

HANDY ANDY.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 19.—Autumn-sown cauliflower that were wintered in a cold frame must now be hardened off by exposing them to the sun. A little later they may be planted out into rich soil and in a warm situation. Cauliflower may now be sown in a box placed in a frame or greenhouse.

The useful autumn giant cauliflower can now be sown outside as well as under cover. These will then be ready from September onwards. Must may be planted now. Established beds will be benefited by a dressing of rich soil at this date.

E. F. T.



In all they say and do the Willies still try to keep up heart. But undoubtedly their general demeanour is more drooping and pacific than it was at the beginning of the war.—(By W. K. Haeckel.)

cheaper sorts have none the less not been any more generally used. No. "We don't like salt fish." It will do for the foreigner.

Millions of herrings have gone to feed the foreigner during those critical times, "in the ordinary course of trade," because our own people are not very keen on their use.

Yet every authority speaks highly of the nutritive value to the worker of salt fish, and it seems strange that the matter has not attracted more attention from the housekeeper.

There may be no really severe tightening of belts necessary, but very radical changes in dietary are imperative. Rabbits and wild birds are likely to be seen on tables where they seldom or never appeared before. The varying of the vegetable dishes rendered necessary by the temporary disappearance of potatoes may involve the use of strange sub-

stances. The success of the Canadian fish rations recently issued to the home troops in England is a proof, if any were needed, of the sanitary effect of such a dietary. This fish, cleaned and dressed and frozen within a few minutes of leaving the water, was sent over in steamers specially fitted with refrigerators. This scheme for the troops was first instituted by Sir Sam Hughes, and has been cordially adopted by our own authorities. Our "Tommies," whose hard work in the open air makes them capital trenchermen, heartily welcome fresh fish every Friday and cured haddock occasionally instead of bacon.

Difficulties of getting freightage for the practically inexhaustible supplies of cod, hake, halibut, haddock and salmon from Canada and, further, the lack of cold storage in this country prevent for the present such imports for the civil population. But these difficulties may be overcome at a very early date. Then it would be possible, even though the freight be eight times higher than the normal rate, to sell fresh Canadian halibut in London at 6d. per pound.

It should be added that the success of the new fish supply for the troops carries a further advantage, in that it releases large supplies of beef, which would otherwise not be available for general consumption. The development of the Canadian trade, too, means keeping within the Empire a great deal of money usually sent to other countries in payment for meat.

Meantime we should make the most of the fish supplies at hand. Now that the need is urgent the ordinary householder should learn to appreciate the value even of salt fish.

WELL PROTECTED AGAINST COLD.



In the foretop of a British battleship in the North Sea.—(Official photograph.)

THE SOLACE OF BOOKS.



Poilus turning over the secondhand books which are sold on the riverside at Paris. Reading is the greatest solace of many wounded men.

TWO HEROES DECORATED.



Cpl. A. Hargreaves (trench mortar battery) awarded the French Military Medal for consistent good work. Sapper James Bourne (R.E.) Military Medal. He has been eighteen months in France.

HUNTING FIELD DEBUT.



Lady Mary Grosvenor, younger daughter of the Duke of Westminster, at a meet at Saughton Grange, the Countess Grosvenor's Cheshire home.



Laying a railroad across newly captured ground.—(Official photograph.)

The French announced yesterday that they had liberated about 100 villages and townships in three days, while, according to the *Matin*'s calculation, the enemy have yielded 800 square miles of territory to the Allies. The light

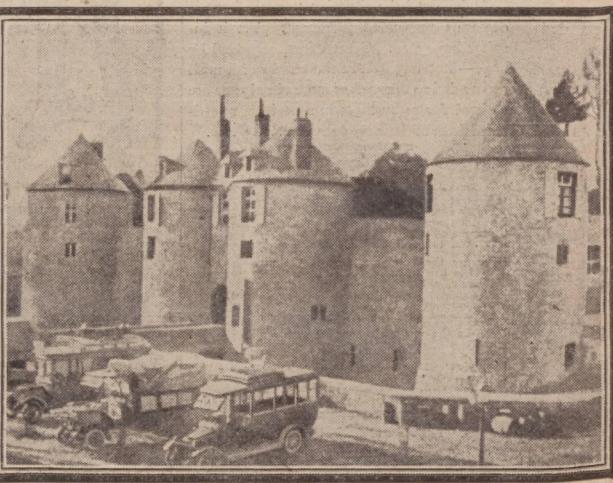
THE FUNERAL OF THE DUCHESS OF CONN.



The procession on the way to the chapel, showing Prince Arthur, the King (with bowed head) walking between his wife and mother, and the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert and Prince Henry.

distantly in front of the cof

THE FRANCO-BRITISH FORCES STILL ADVANCING—A CITADEL



The old citadel at Peronne, which we have captured.



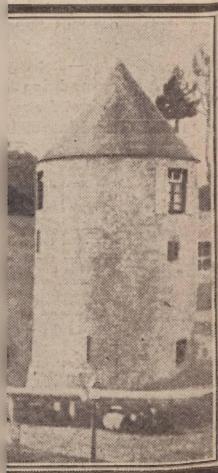
General Dubois

THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT WINDSOR.



Prince Arthur, the King (with Albert and Prince Henry behind. The Archbishop of Canterbury is walking immediately in front of the coffin.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

ES STILL ADVANCING—A CITADEL NOW SADLY OUT OF DATE.



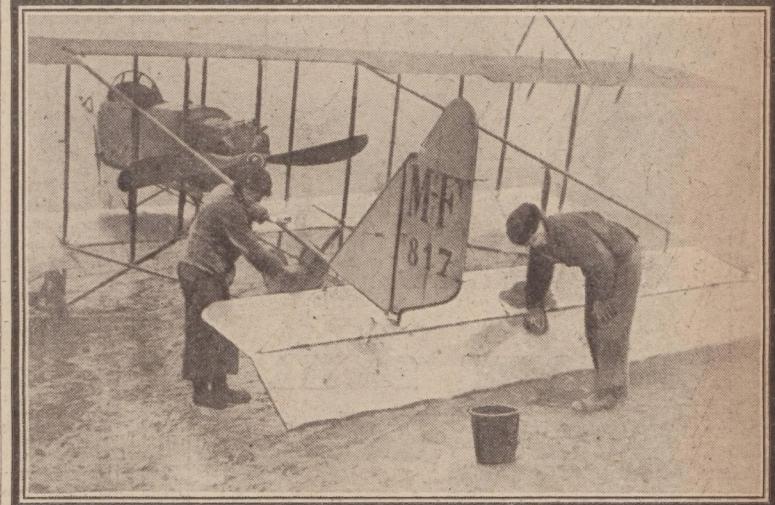
have captured.

yielded 800 square miles of territory to the Allies. The light railway now plays a vastly important part in modern warfare, and miles of lines will have to be laid by us as we advance. Sometimes across country covered with mud,



General Dubois questions a wounded poilu.—(French official.)

WOMEN WASHING AN AEROPLANE.

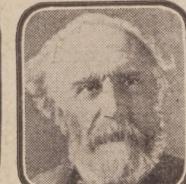


A scene at a French flying school, where many women are employed.—(French War Office.)

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.

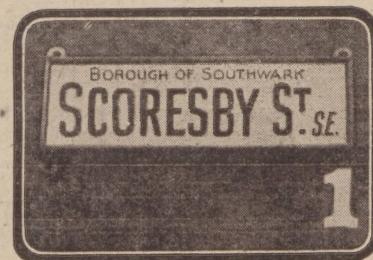


Skipper Richard Combe (R.N.R.), awarded the D.S.M. He was formerly a Musselburgh fisherman.



M. Ribot, who has been asked by President Poincaré to form a Cabinet. M. Briand has resigned.

S.E. 1—A LOCAL EFFORT.



In the borough of Southwark the new postal districts numbers are being painted under the signs on which the street names are printed.

LOST WELL DISCOVERED.



Drawing up water at Wimbledon after finding a well which had been lost. These men dug up the waste ground until they found it.



Troops coming in along a light railroad track.—(Official photograph.)



Your skin needs Icilma

The need of carefully guarding your skin and complexion now is of the utmost importance, for nothing plays havoc with a good clear complexion more than March winds and rain. By all means use a good Toilet Cream regularly, but make quite sure to get the most suitable—the one which costs least and does most good—ICILMA CREAM.

Icilma Cream is so perfectly pure and harmless that it will suit the most sensitive skin—besides, containing as it does the stimulating Icilma Natural Water, it really benefits the skin and complexion in a more natural and better way than any other toilet preparation. It makes and keeps the skin soft, smooth and clear in all weathers.

Icilma Cream costs least, as a 1/- pot will last several weeks. It has a quaint and delightful fragrance which makes it a sheer pleasure to use. Entirely non-greasy and British made. Use it daily and look your best.

Icilma

Cream

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All sizes in stock : 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Made in two different widths : No. 4 (medium) and No. 5 (wide).

For the convenience of our customers in the London district samples of this boot may be seen at our Depot No. 22, Cheapside, E.C.



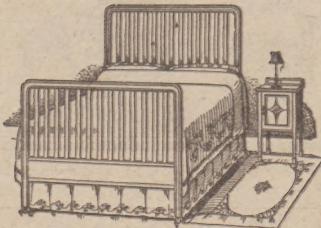
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£10 for 6/-	
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COVENTRY.—9-11, New Burns.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—Bullring Street, and

13, 15, 16, 18 and 17, Central Arcade.

STRATFORD, E.—194-198, The Grove.

CROYDON.—30, 32 and 34, George Street.

HACKNEY, N.E.—321, Mare Street.

NEWCASTLE.—10, Northgate Road.

WOOLWICH, S.E.—73, Portobello Road.

HOLLOWAY, N.—49-51, Seven Sisters Road.

CHISWICK, W.—58, High Road.

MARSHALLSFIELD.—The Palatine, Victoria St.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—105-7, Broadway, and

Queen's Road.

READ THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF OUR NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.

THE MAN WHO FORGOT. By RUBY M. AYRES.

CHAPTER I.

THE WEB OF FATE.

THE monotonous whir-whir of the sewing machine that had been the only sound in the little room stopped suddenly, and Nan Marraby leaned her elbows on the table before her and ran her fingers through her rough hair with a weary gesture.

"Fed up, fed up, fed up!" she said fiercely. Then all at once she laughed, looking across at the girl who sat in a low chair by the fire, with a newspaper spread on her knees, her eyes intent on a column, down which her finger was moving slowly, as if counting something.

Nan watched her for a moment in silence, a little frown bending her level brows; then she said gently:

"Leave that old casualty list alone, dear. What is the good of worrying yourself, when you know quite well that Tim is all right? It's no use crossing an imaginary bridge before you come to it." She pushed back her chair, and, rising, went over to her friend and, stooping, drew the newspaper gently away from her.

"I don't believe in meeting trouble more than halfway," she said briskly. "Heavens! what a sight I look!"

She had caught a glimpse of her reflection in a glass over the mantelshelf, and she laughed, eying her rough hair hopefully.

"Why in the world didn't a kind Providence present me with a sleek head like yours?" she demanded. She glanced down at the smooth, fair hair of the girl beside her with faint envy. "I don't believe you're paying the least attention," she complained aggrievedly.

Joan Endicott raised her eyes; there was a dreamy, faraway expression in them. It was perfectly evident that she had not been listening to a word of what her friend had been saying.

"There are only three casualties in Tim's regiment to-day," she said. "Amongst the officers, I mention—and all second lieutenants," she added mournfully. "Two wounded and one missing, Oh, Nan."

"I absolutely decline to discuss the war," Nan broke in, curiously, though her eyes were very tender. "For heaven's sake let's pretend to be cheerful, even if we're not! Stand up, and let me try on your blouse—it's almost finished."

She stood up and took Joan's hand, dragging her to her feet.

"You know quite well that Tim's leave may come along any day now," she said, cheerfully. "And you haven't got a decent rag to your back. He loves pretty clothes—all men do . . . that's right! You look ten years younger when you smile."

"I should never smile at all if it wasn't for you," Joan said. She turned about obediently and submitted to be buttoned into the dainty pink blouse which Nan had fetched from the tailor to her feet.

"I think you're a most-wonderful person," she said, enviously.

"I wish I were strong and plucky, like you are. I shall never forget you when that telegram came from France. You took it so calmly—if it had been me I believe I should have died," she added reflectively.

"Rubbing!" Nan's mouth was full of pins. She pinched and unpicked and altered critically for a moment, then she said, in an odd sort-of-voice, which might have been due to the pins or to a sudden emotion: "Because I appeared to take it calmly it doesn't mean that I didn't feel anything! I felt as if I wanted to shriek—throw myself down on the floor and scream, and yell blue murder and hatred against Earth and Heaven!" She drew a long breath. "I didn't, you see, and if it turned out, things weren't as bad as we thought—then if everything goes all right Peter'll be home soon, and then . . ." She stopped abruptly, as if there were no words in which to express what would happen then.

"I'm longing to see him," Joan said, interestingly. "From all accounts Peter must be a wonderful man; that's all I can say!"

Nan laughed.

"Not a bit! I don't suppose you'd even call him good-looking. He's supposed to be a big man!" She stood back a step, with her hands thrust deep into the pockets of her blue overall, and eyed the pink blouse critically. "I remember," she went on then, with an unwonted touch of sentiment in her voice, "that the first things that struck me about him were his eyes and the size of his body. And there was a tender little laugh of reminiscence, as she thought of the days when she had first met Peter Lyster; of the queer little feeling that had seemed to shoot through every vein in her body; of the way that—for no earthly reason at all—she had felt the colour rising in her face as she met the whimsical smile in his grey eyes and of the absurdly joyous sensation that had thrilled her to her fingertips.

She had known then, in a sudden flash of illumination, that this was the man for her, and he had told her afterwards that something of the same thought had crossed his own mind.

"This is the woman for me—this is the woman I have unconsciously been waiting for all my life."

It was not often Nan allowed her thoughts to

stray like this; she realised how necessary it was to keep a firm hand on herself during these days, for her own sake and also for the sake of the girl with whom she was sharing homes—the poor little wife of two happy years, who was wearing herself to a shadow for the sake of a man who could only laugh and a heart like a lion, who was facing death hundreds of times a day out in France.

But for Nan, Joan Endicott would have broken down under the strain of it all months ago. Nan was a tower of strength to her weakness; her pluck and cheery optimism daily fought the devils of despair and dread that threatened to close down upon the weaker girl and crush her to the earth. It had been a kind Providence indeed that had sent across to her Tim when Tim Endicott had to face war with all its attendant horrors.

And after it had been to Nan that trouble had come first of all; at Nan's door that the dread messenger had knocked to bring his news.

Peter Lyster had been wounded, seriously, so they said at first; but afterwards better news followed, and Nan drew a breath of relief again, and the strained look left her eyes a little till then when she knew that he was out of danger and shortly coming home.

"If it had been me I should have gone to France if I had had to walk every step of the way and swim the Channel," so Joan said after a moment, her thoughts still with that fatal night when the yellow envelope had been put into Nan's hands. "If I hadn't dropped dead first," she added with a little shiver.

Nan made a grimace.

"Ah, but then you're Tim's wife," she said gruffly, "and I'm only a friend. I don't recognise a sweetheart in the same way." It supposed it's all right, but . . ." She shrugged her shoulders. "Anyway, I shall see him soon," she added cheerfully. "And that's the best of all. Now tell me, isn't the blouse a duck?"

Nan raised her mournful eyes to the looking glass.

"Sweet," she said without much enthusiasm. "It's so kind of you to take all this trouble for me." Nan isn't kind at all," Nan declared briskly.

"I like making pretty things, and I love to see you wearing them. Hold up your arm a minute."

She carefully unpinned an adjusted seam, and Joan slipped out of it and went back to her chair by the fire.

She was a frail-looking little slip of thing, with brown eyes that always reminded Nan of a dog's in their mournful dumb pleading; she had once been plump and gay, but the last eighteen months had turned her to a shadow, and creased the lips that had been meant for smiles downwards in a tremulous sadness.

She and Nan were a great contrast, for Nan was tall and straight as a willow, with blue eyes that looked fearlessly at the world from beneath level brows, and a firm mouth with a whimsical line at one corner that gave it an odd, crooked sort of appearance and a mass of thick, unruly brown hair that curled like a boy's about her face, and was caught up in a knot of artistic dishevelment at the back of her head.

The cotton overall she now wore was as blue as her eyes, and the rather severely cut blouse was turned down at the neck, showing a white firm throat, and the glimpse of a thin gold chain on which, as Joan knew, hung Peter Lyster's big signet ring.

The ring was too big for Nan to wear, and had been no time for him to get her another. He had been ordered off to France to help in the making of their engagement, and in the wrench of parting other and lesser things had been forgotten.

"And, besides, I'd rather have a ring he has worn than all the diamonds in Bond-street," Nan told Joan in a burst of confidence one day; and then, instantly regretting it, she had addled in a desperate effort to cover her little lapse into sentiment:

"Besides, everyone has diamonds—I'd much rather start a fashion of my own."

WOMEN MUST—WAIT.

JOAN was one of those people who liked to conduct life on the approved plan laid down by thousands of generations before her. Her wedding to the adored Tim had been of the most ordinary and stereotyped pattern, with a long, elaborate train dress, four bridesmaids, and "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden," with an expensive photographer to take a family group afterwards and a cake from Buzzards.

"I should hate a wedding like that," Nan said once, when she had listened patiently to the story of it all for the thirtieth time.

"When I get married—if ever I do—" she hastened to add, "I should like it to be on the spur of the moment, in a simple sort of clothes, and perhaps five o'clock on a spring evening, if one could persuade a person to get out of bed as such an hour," she added, laughing.

"It's the unexpected that's so delightful, I always think," she went on. "I told Peter when he went away that he wasn't to let me know when he came home on leave—he was just to walk in and take me by surprise."

"Peter's brown eyes opened wide."

"But you might be out!" she protested.

"So I might—but even then I've got to come in, sooner or later, and then I think what a delightful thing it would be to walk in and find him here waiting for me—"

Joan shook her head.

"I couldn't stand that. Every time a bell

rang or I heard a knock at the door I should feel that it might be him, and then the dreadful disappointment."

Nan did not admit that her own sensations were much like this, and had been ever since Peter had gone away. The thought that he was miles away in France did not prevent her heart from going like a hedge-hammer every time the bell rang or a strange step sounded outside. He had said that some day he would walk in when she was least expecting him, and she knew that some day he would keep his promise.

"But it won't be when I'm least expecting you," she had told him. "Because all day and every minute of the day I shall be expecting you and waiting for you to come. Please—will you think I'm dreadfully sentimental if I say that I shall be just longing for you?"

Nan was naturally undemonstrative, and sometimes it brought the blood to her face to think that she had ever really managed to say that. She supposed it was just the pain of parting with him that had forced the words to her lips, and she was glad of it.

"I never saw him again . . . She pulled herself up here sharply—such thoughts were not allowed.

But this evening somehow, as she sat at the machine and fashioned the little pink blouse for Joan, her thoughts were full of Peter.

She was always thinking of him, but this evening somehow it seemed different—almost as if he were close at hand—almost as if she had been told that she would see him that night. Her heartbeats were jerky and quick; she wondered whether he sounded different; it seemed almost as if it were to her.

She went back to her seat at the table and started to resew the seam she had unpicked. The whir, whir of the machine seemed to help her thoughts; as she sewed she was miles away in imagination, out in France, standing in the mud and wet by the side of the only man in the world.

"I suppose all women feel the same," she had once said to Joan; "but to me it's just as if I were the past six weeks she knew he had been in a hospital ward. She had been a member of the Red Cross, and had been working in a hospital in France, and she had been able to picture him as anything but unharmed and well; perhaps it was because he was so big and strong. She stiffered a little sigh. She had tried so hard not to be impatient—not to let the dread and longing overwhelm her, but this evening once or twice the dark shadow she had kept at bay so determinedly was very persistent. It seemed to be hovering all about her, waiting for an unguarded moment in which to sweep down and engulf her with its stifling embrace.

"I suppose it must be because I haven't even had his letters to look forward to," she told herself resolutely, as she finished the seam and snapped the cotton. "I wonder how soon he will be well enough to write to me again?"

That had been the hardest part of all, having to go without any letters.

One of the nurses had written to her several times; kind, cheery letters from a brother officer had been sent; but they had both impressed upon her that she must not expect to hear from Peter himself—that he was not fit to write.

So Nan contented herself by apportioning out the old letters she had received from Peter when he first went out—a letter for each day. She always laid one on the table in the little sitting room overnight, and in the morning when she came down to breakfast she pretended that it was a new one which she had never read before.

But the game of make-believe is difficult to keep up for long, and sometimes the hours dragged on leaden feet, and a choking impatience would rise in her heart till she felt that she must give way as Joan sometimes did, and cast herself down and weep and weep.

And the dark shadow was very close to-night—so close just now that in a sudden panic at herself Nan started up from her chair once more and went running to the window, where she could see the lights of the sewing machine and the half-finished pink blouse.

Nan watched him closely; she had got over her fits of panic, but deep down in her heart was the conviction that this man's visit was in some way connected with Peter—that it was on Peter's account that he had come; she felt an impatient irritation with his awkwardness; after a moment she said again—

"Joan, this is Lieutenant Arnott—Mrs. Endicott." She pulled forward a chair. "Won't you sit down?"

But John Arnott shook his head: he was a square-built, rather clumsy-looking young man, with a freckled face and reddish hair cropped close to his head. He seemed ill at ease too; he hesitated on coming in, by the wayside as he stood there by the table, and then, after the sewing machine and the half-finished pink blouse.

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"John, please sit down."

"No—I'm sorry if I startled you; it's nothing—nothing like that. Please don't be afraid—I promise you that Peter is all right—he is quite well."

Nan sat down, forced a shaky laugh.

"I'm sorry—I'm not often such a fool. Won't you come in?"

She held the door for him to enter: she shut it behind him with slow precision; she waited in the doorway in which to recover herself before she went back to Joan; she was almost herself again when she led the way into the little sitting room.

"Joan, this is Lieutenant Arnott—Mrs. Endicott." She pulled forward a chair. "Won't you sit down?"

"I'm sorry—I'm not often such a fool. Won't you come in?"

For a moment he seemed to hesitate; then he said abruptly—

"He is here—in London—we crossed last night."

"Here!"

All the blood in Nan's body seemed to rush into the pockets of the blue overall once more; her fingers were clenched, the nails cutting deep into her soft palms.

"But he's out of danger now," she went on merrily. "They told me that he was quite out of danger."

He raised his troubled eyes to her pale face for a moment.

"Yes—that is quite true," he said; "but—but he has had a bad shock. I dare say you've heard of such cases—and I thought—I thought before you see him."

"Nan, please sit forward."

"Before I see him! Where is he, then?"

For an instant he seemed to hesitate; then he said abruptly—

"He is here—in London—we crossed last night."

"Here!"

All the blood in Nan's body seemed to rush

into the pockets of the blue overall for a moment she closed her eyes tightly and caught at the chair back to steady herself.

"How is London! Peter! This, then, was

why he had seemed so near to her all day—why she had felt in some mysterious fashion that she was soon to see him.

"Oh!" she said softly, breathlessly.

Arnott frowned.

"I'm afraid I'm a rotten hand at explaining

things," he said jerkily. "I hope I'll for-

give me if what I'm going to say hurts you, but—but he's changing a great deal since you saw him, Miss Marraby. He—he—he—he stopped



Nan Marraby.

overstrained nerves made her snatch at the little bit of pasteboard as if it had been waiting for it.

"Lieutenant John Arnott."

She read the name aloud—the blood ham-

"It's John Arnott—the man who wrote to me when Peter was wounded"—she said breathlessly.

She passed the girl and went out into the narrow hall. A man stood in the open doorway—a man in khaki; he turned rather stiffly as he heard her step; he saluted gravely.

"Miss Marraby?"

"Yes." Nan felt as if all her breath had gone out in that little monosyllabic answer; a rough hand seemed to be gripping her throat; something was the matter—he had come to tell her . . . she swayed forward with momentary loss of self control, gripping his arm.

"What is it? What is it . . . it's Peter—tell me . . . tell me."

The man answered hastily.

"No—I'm sorry if I startled you; it's nothing—nothing like that. Please don't be afraid—I promise you that Peter is all right—he is quite well."

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The Countess of Cramartie, who has written a new play for the benefit of the Lord Roberts Memorial.

THE GREAT SWEEP.

A Week-end of Unabated Successes on the Western Front.

THERE is a rush for the newspapers these days. It is true that we have no contents bills to indicate what is happening in the great war area, but the papers themselves afford pleasant reading, as one learns of village after village falling before the advance of the French and British troops. Even the pessimists have ceased to croak.

Another Big Night at the House.

I HEAR there has been a widespread demand for tickets of admission to the House of Commons to-day. The big attraction is Mr. Asquith's eagerly-awaited statement on the Dardanelles Report. He may be relied upon to present a concise and masterly case in his own defence, and his political friends are confident that it will create a good impression. Incidentally, he will, I hear, have some important things to say on behalf of Lord Kitchener.

Mr. Churchill's Speech.

ANOTHER SPEECH which is awaited with feverish interest is that of Mr. Churchill. If the ex-First Lord is permitted to go fully into the details connected with the campaign he will be able to tell one of the most dramatic stories in this year of surprises. Many M.P.s, I am told, are anxious to "catch the Speaker's eye" in to-night's debate.

Six Weeks to Go.

THERE is much political speculation over the fact that the Government has not yet come to a decision on the prolongation of the life of Parliament, which, without another special measure, would end in six weeks. I believe the matter has been under consideration, but nothing definite has been arrived at. With Mr. Bonar Law's hint of a possible election it has given rise to a good deal of gossip.

Measles in London.

PRINCESS PATRICIA, who is ill with measles, has many sister sufferers in London. A doctor tells me that scores of girls are suffering from the disease. In some City offices the female staffs are seriously depleted through this cause. Very few men appear to have been affected by the epidemic.

U-boats and U-boats.

UHANS have been mentioned in the French communiqués. Of late we have been more familiar with U-boats.

M.P.'s Advice to Tradesmen.

I OBSERVE that Major C. G. C. Hamilton, M.P., the Director of Enrolment, has been addressing some sapient words of advice to a National Service meeting at Bermontsey. He counselled skilled tradesmen to enrol rather than as war munition workers than as

National Service volunteers, for then, if moved to another sphere of work where the scale of pay was lower they would be paid at the higher rate.

A Business Man.

ALTHOUGH not yet a prominent figure in the House of Commons, the gallant

Major G. C. Hamilton, M.P., major entered the Popular Chamber with good credentials for office in a Business Government. He is the managing director of a famous firm of electrical engineers, and has represented business interests in India, Bulgaria, Greece, Russia and Egypt. He has sat for the Altringham Division of Cheshire since 1913.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

A Welcome Announcement.

The Daily Mirror has been inundated by letters of appreciation from readers since the announcement was made that Miss Ruby M. Ayres has written the serial story which begins to-day. The opening instalment of "The Man Who Forgot" will be found on page 2.

A Great Story.

MISS AYRES was asked for a good story—she has produced one which is great; for, undoubtedly, "The Man Who Forgot" will delight its readers and enhance its author's reputation. Miss Ayres has to bear the burden of her great popularity, but she seems to find that it is not in the least oppressive; and she invariably rises to the occasion.

A Duchess v. a Doctor.

WHO WOULD THINK so charming a lady as the Duchess of Marlborough could have an antagonist? Yet Sir Charles Waldstein, who gave a tea party at his Bruton-street house yesterday to discuss the helping on of mothercraft, which is the Duchess' favourite project, confided to us that Sir James Crichton-Browne opposes her quite seriously about the need for teaching the mothers.

Snappy Titles.

THE DUCHESS HERSELF arrived somewhat late during the lecture part of the afternoon and refused to be led up to the seat of honour, taking instead a chair in the back row. I can't tell you what distinguished societies advocate this mothercraft scheme because they none of them have less than eight words to their titles and paper is dear. How benevolent societies love titles like the N.S.P.W.A.F., don't they?

Inexcusable.

NOW THAT large posters are forbidden there is still less excuse for hoarding.

A Soldier-Novelist.

AT THE CLUB the other evening a group of men were discussing novels of the sea. Several insisted that Maurice Drake's "The Ocean Sleuth" was one of the most dramatic sea romances of recent years. By an odd coincidence an hour later I met the author, Captain Maurice Drake, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, in the Strand.

On the Somme.

HE WAS LOOKING well after his recent illness. He served on the Somme from May until November. He told me he expected to return to France soon. "There is little time for writing novels at the front," he said, when I asked if he was doing another sea romance. Captain Drake is an authority on stained glass and a glass painter himself. He is one of the best story-tellers I know.

New Graves Sketch.

WE SHALL shortly see Mr. George Graves in a new sketch at the Coliseum. It is called "The Side of Mr. Bacon." For the present Mr. Graves is in France somewhere in the big advance amusing our troops.

At the Piano.

WHEN THE THEATRES "slump" entertainers feel the benefit. The manager of an entertainment agency told me that the "dragnet" which the playhouses were feeling had blown good to him, as inquiries for "musical sketch" men and such performers are numerous.

Ruskin's Birthplace.

HOW MANY of those who worship the memory of John Ruskin, I wonder, are aware that his birthplace is now occupied by soldiers? How many of the soldiers, I should like to know, regard this residence as an aesthetic privilege?

Mayfair Bloomsbury.

BLOOMSBURY, indeed, has its full share of martial glory, and it is an every-day experience to see men drilling in the grounds of the Foundling Hospital, while in another part of the grounds the little foundlings—boys and girls—drill also.

"Suzette."

I SAW the young composer, Mr. Max Darezewski, on Sunday night. He is very busy now, for not only is he going to conduct the performances of "Hanky Panky" at the Empire, but he has been writing the music for the new musical comedy "Suzette," at the Globe, in which Miss Gaby Deslys will appear next Tuesday.

A Big Success.

AFTER LEAVING Mr. Darezewski I went on to the Alhambra to hear Mr. George Robey's concert. There was a first-class programme and a packed house. Mr. Robey may congratulate himself on the success of his efforts. He told me yesterday that his Palladium concert for the Union Jack Extension Fund realised over £800, while the Alhambra show, which was for the Motor Transport Volunteers, will bring in over £1,000.

A Notable Gathering.

I HAVE SELDOM seen a more distinguished congregation than that which gathered within the grey walls of Westminster Abbey yesterday for the memorial service to the late Duchess of Connaught. Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Prime Minister, Mr. Bonar Law, peers and peeresses, military and naval attaches, representatives of our Dominions, and notable leaders of the social world were among the famous people at the service.

Khaki and Blue.

IN THE DIM LIGHT of the Abbey I saw many notable men in blue and khaki. The Army was represented by Lieutenant-General the Earl of Dundonald, Lieutenant-General H. A. Fletcher, Brigadier-General R. M. Anderson (Australian Forces), Surgeon-General Sir A. Keogh, Sir Howard Mellis (Imperial Service Troops of India) and several officers of the Grenadier Guards. Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, Admiral Sir Wilfrid Cox and Captain the Hon. Rupert Guinness were also there.

A Beautiful Service.

IT WAS a strangely beautiful service. The effect of the vast congregation singing in unison, accompanied by the exquisite voice of the organ and the sweet trebles of the boy members of a perfectly-balanced choir, was extremely impressive.

A Trio of Irish Peacocke.

THESE MEMORIAL SERVICES are bitter trials to women who know what loss is, as one can see by their faces as they file out. Lady Drogheada, in mourning, was at the very back. Lady Limerick, whose son was falsely reported killed, followed the beautiful Lady Annesley, whose stepson was killed while flying.

At Windsor.

A FRIEND who was at the funeral ceremony at Windsor tells me that it was very impressive. "The solemnity of the occasion," he says, "was emphasised by the sympathetic way in which the Archbishop of Canterbury read the opening prayers. The King appeared to be greatly moved." My friend noticed Mr. Asquith in the congregation. He thought that he was looking in better health than for some time.

Fiction.

GERMANY'S valetudinarian fiction writers are doing work of national importance. They are now writing the official reports of Zepp raids on London.

Red Cross Sale.

I MADE ONE of the crowd which poured into Christie's yesterday to see the collection of precious things which have been presented to the Red Cross Society. One of the most interesting exhibits is the bronze sacrificial bowl which has been presented by the King.

Promiscuous Portrait.

QUITE A LOT of interest seemed to be drawn by Sir Luke Fildes' black and white drawing of the Prime Minister. A number of gifts have been sent in by members of the Royal Family. The sales begin on Thursday.

THE RAMBLER.

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of bathing their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles, if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to wash the stomach, liver, kidneys and the intestines of the previous day's waste, so that all indigestible material left over in the body will be washed away and become food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood, causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and bad the next, but who simply cannot feel right and are used to a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the chemist. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is especially important to bathe on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

SAVE YOUR HAIR! DANDERINE STOPS DANDRUFF.

Every bit of dandruff disappears and hair stops coming out.—Try this! Your hair appears glossy, abundant, wavy, and beautiful.

Thin, brittle, colourless and scruffy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scourf.

It is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robes the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine to-night—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a shilling bottle of Knowlton's Danderine. Get it in the first application your hair will take on the life, lustre and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance, an incomparable gloss and softness; but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy new hair—growing all over the scalp. All chemists sell and recommend Danderine, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d.—no prescriptions.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.—(Advt.)

GET THIS DIET BOOK.

Food is as important to the sick person as medicine, more so in most cases. A badly chosen diet may retard recovery.

In health the natural appetite is the best guide to follow; in sickness the appetite is often feeble and depraved.

Proper food and a good tonic will keep most people in good health. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people are the most popular tonic medicine in the world, harmless, non-alcoholic, and certain in their action, which is to build up the blood and to restore vitality to the run-down system. For growing girls who become thin and pale, for pale, tired women, for old people who fail in strength, Dr. Williams' pink pills are an ideal tonic.

To enable those who give these pills a trial to observe intelligent care in the diet, the Dr. Williams' Medicina Co. will send on request free a diet book, "What to Eat and How to Eat." It is full of useful information, and whether you are well or ill, it is a good book to have. Send for your copy, enclosing a postcard to Offer Delivery, 36 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

You will do well to begin Dr. Williams' pink pills to-day; any dealer can supply you and see that you obtain Dr. Williams'.—(Advt.)

EYE TROUBLES and how to End them



My book, "How to Preserve Your Eyesight," relates the history from 1596 to 1817 of Singleton's Eye Ointment, the famous salve which has been used for centuries. For 321 years this wonderful healing balm has been curing inflammation, stylos, ulcers, cold, sore or watery eyes and what not. It is a safe, simple, effective remedy. Use it in the treatment for the various forms of eye disease. All of them, in ancient pedestal pots, 2s. 6d., but it must be SINGLETON'S. Also, not free, 2s. 6d. Foreign postage extra. Mention the D.R., and send to Stephen Green, 210, Lambeth-road, London, S.E., for book.

Turn to Page 9 for the Opening Chapters.

THE MAN WHO FORGOT.

Continued from Page 9.

and ran a hand nervously over his crooked head. "The fact is—he can't remember anything that has happened in the past. It's wiped out—clean forgotten."

Nan did not answer. She just stared at him, not understanding. Joan raised herself a little in the big chair and leaned forward, with wide eyes and parted lips.

"You don't know that he's—mad?" she asked in a querulous whisper.

"Good heavens, no!" Arnott answered at once. "To all appearance—to anyone who did not know him, he would seem the same as any other man, but he isn't—everything that happened in his life before the day he was wounded he has forgotten. Physically he's as fit as the actual wound was nothing; it's the shock that has had such bad after-effects." He took a deep breath. "He and I were great friends," he said. "Perhaps he spoke to you of me. At any rate, he often spoke to me of you, and that—that is why I am here. Miss Marraby, he—he doesn't remember you now—he doesn't know that he is engaged to you—or that he ever was."

He broke off distressfully, and for a moment there was utter silence in the room.

Then Nan laughed—an unreal, sharp little laugh of mirth.

"Not remember me! Why, how absurd!" she said, and the silence fell again.

Joan had risen now. She went over to where Nan stood and slipped a hand through the younger girl's arm. She felt in some dim way that all this was going to affect her, too. She felt that it would be the final blow to Nan's strength that would bring them both to the ground.

But Nan shook her off, though she was not conscious of having done so. She was looking straight at Arnott.

"I don't understand," she said, clearly. "You say that Peter does not remember me. Oh, but that is not possible! At least—he has only got to see me, surely . . ."

He looked away from the strain in her eyes.

"I hate to hurt you," he said, gruffly. "But if Peter saw you now, at this moment, he would probably treat you as if you had never met in all your lives."

For a instant Nan stood like a statue, then she cried out, shrilly: "I don't believe it—it's a cruel joke—you're just saying this to hurt me . . . to . . ."

She contrived herself with an effort. "I beg your pardon, I beg of you . . ."

"But—but . . . oh, I can't believe it's true! Why—why we were only engaged the day he went away . . . we were both counting the hours till he would come back—"

Her voice had cracked, every vestige of colour had left her face.

"I am more sorry than I can say," Arnott stammered. "I—I hated having to come—and tell you; but what could I do. Peter has never mentioned your name since he was hurt. I took all his papers and letters. Someone had to see to things," he apologised. "Your letters were amongst them. It was I who wrote to you, you know."

"I know. I know. It was very kind of you—but if I saw Peter—if I spoke to him . . ."

She wrung her hands. "Oh, I could soon make him remember, I know I could."

Arnott turned away.

"You must do as you think best, of course," he said at last.

"But I thought you ought to be told. I hope you'll forgive me—I—"

He looked at her again now. "I hope not, at all my heart, that you will take advice and not try to see him for the present," he added earnestly.

"In a few months he may be all right again—the doctors have every hope . . ."

"Please—let me go alone."

He answered with a note of relief in his voice.

"Very well—I will wait outside," and she went on into the room with her head held erect, the thick, soft carpet deadening her footsteps.

The room was rather large and barely furnished. Nan saw nothing but the figures of man and a girl who lay close together by the fire, laughing and talking.

The man was tall and in uniform, and he was standing with his back to Nan, but the girl was sitting with picturesque carelessness on the wide club fender, her small, daintily-shod feet stuck out before her, her pett, rather pensive face raised laughingly to her companion.

Nan took a few steps forward and stopped. It was the girl who kept telling herself. All this past hour had not been a dream, and in reality she had nothing to fear.

In a moment she would wake and the band of anguish that seemed to gird her heart would snap and fall away.

A little sobbing sigh escaped her, and the man glanced backwards over his shoulder with a little startled movement; then he turned, and their eyes met.

There was a moment of tragic silence; the first throb of intense joy that had rushed through Nan's whole being slowly died away, leaving her cold and stunned.

The only emotion of which she was conscious now was that nightmare suspicion that had first stirred faintly in her heart when Arnott tried to prevent her from entering this room.

There was something being kept back from her—something not yet been told.

For instance her eyes had past Lyster to the girl, perched on the wide fender; then she forced them again to his face.

She thought she cried his name in anguish, but her lips did not move and no sound escaped them. She thought she held pleading arms to him, but they still hung limply at her sides. She thought that the intolerable pain in her heart must kill her. She prayed frantically that she might drop dead rather than suffer any more, but she just stood there in the silent room, staring back at this man who looked at her with the casual eyes of a stranger.

"Will you take me to him?" she said simply.

Jean broke out then—

"Nan, you mustn't go—it will just break your heart, and then what shall I do?" The easy tears came to her eyes; she clung to Nan's hand. "Don't go, Nan—I beg of you."

Nan shook her head; a little wan smile crossed her face.

"I must go—just once," she said. "But I'll come back—I promise I'll come back."

WITH THE EYES OF A STRANGER.

SHE was an unbuttoning the blue overall; she let it slip from her slim figure to the door.

"I won't keep you waiting," she said to Arnott. She went out of the room to her bedroom; she mechanically smoothed her rough hair and put on her hat; she took her coat from the wardrobe and fastened the collar round her throat; as she did so her fingers came in contact with the thin chain at her neck; a little flush burned her cheeks and died away again; she dragged the heavy signet ring out of her pocket and held it in the palm of her hand; after a moment she passed it to her lips.

"As if I could possibly forget me!" she said with a little sobbing laugh.

There were tears in her eyes when she went back to Arnott, but she looked happier; she kissed Jean and told her not to be a baby.

"Why, I shall be back soon," she declared. "And perhaps—who knows? Perhaps I may bring Peter with me!" She looked at Arnott with defiant eyes. "Doctors are not always as clever as they think—they shot him down."

She had been laid high as she left the little flat; Arnott looked flushed and disturbed; outside he called a taxi cab; when they were seated she said disconcertedly,

"I suppose it's useless to offer advice to any woman, but I beg of you, Miss Marraby . . ."

"Don't," said Nan with a pale smile. "It's no use."

He left her alone then; they drove the rest of the way in silence.

But when they got to the hotel for a moment Nan felt compelled to speak to him; she had to force herself to follow Arnott; she seemed to be walking in a dream.

Once again he turned to her.

"You mean to go on?" he asked curtly.

She nodded; she could not speak.

"Please wait a moment then, while I find him."

He left her standing in the lounge; there were a good many people about—most of them men in uniform.

It seemed a lifetime to Nan till he returned; he avoided looking at her.

"Lyster is in the reading room," he said; he paused.

"Miss Marraby, I beg of you . . ."

"I believe you are keeping something back from me," she said, chokingly. "I believe there are some things you are afraid to tell me—I . . . oh, I don't know what I am saying," she added, pitifully.

"I have told you all there is to tell," Arnott said.

He felt horribly sorry for this girl; he made a last effort to defuse her.

"Lyster is not alone—the reading room is public."

But she seemed not to hear, and he shrugged his shoulders and led the way across the lounge to a closed door.

Nan seemed to wake from her trance then; she laid a shaking hand on his arm—

"Wait—wait just a moment."

Now she had voiced her suspicion that something was being kept from her, she could not sleep; it was a new terror in her heart, adding to her fear.

For a moment she closed her eyes and bit her lip to steady her shaken nerves, then she passed Arnott and opened the door for herself.

"Please—let me go alone."

"Send June one from Paris," she said. "I don't know what she'll say—"

But June might have been expecting the wire, judging from the calm way in which she received it; she showed it to Rochester as if it were nothing out of the way; she looked over his shoulder as he read it.

"Married in Paris this morning. Love from Mr. and Mrs. Micky."

She laughed and met Rochester's eyes; there seemed to be an inquiry in his. June hesitated a moment, then she nodded.

And forty-eight hours later Micky and Esther had rung up just as they were leaving for the flower-fields of France.

"Married in London this morning.—Mr. and Mrs. Rochester."

THE PHANTOM LOVER.

THE DESIRED HAVEN.

THE train was running on to the harbour station at Dover before Micky realised it; he looked down at Esther with pretended dismay in his bright eyes.

"And pray what am I to do with you, ma'am? Do you realise that I'm going to Paris?"

"I know—" She laughed. "I'm going there, too—of course, if you'd like to travel in a different train to me . . ."

She was a very different Esther, somehow, from the pale, rather frightened-looking girl who had said good-bye to June at Victoria station a couple of hours ago. Her eyes were dancing now, and her face was radiant. Micky regarded her with proud satisfaction.

"You look very nice and prettier already," he said. "And that's after only about half an hour of my wonderful society; so what you'll look like when we've been married for years and years . . ."

He stopped, and a sudden emotion filled his face.

"What shall we do, love of mine?" he asked. "Shall we go on, or shall we go back?"

"I'll shake you off," she said. "I'm afraid you'll have to pay for me," she told him frankly. "June rushed me off so, I forgot my purse—Mr. Rochester got me a ticket, but . . ."

"We'll go on then," said Micky hurriedly. The train was almost at a standstill. "You said you hated Paris—but you won't hate it with me. We'll get married as soon as we get there—I'll take you everywhere."

Her eyes fell.

"But I don't wear nice clothes—I only brought a small case. I never thought you . . . you . . ."

She stopped, stammering.

"Paris is full of clothes," he told her. "We'll stay long enough to buy what you want and then we'll go south. Esther, you've never seen the South of France in spring time, have you? I'll take you there for our honeymoon."

He put his arm round her, drawing her to him. "There's just time to kiss me, if you're very quick," he said in a whisper.

"She's gone back to her."

"But Micky—June—what will she say when she thinks?"

"She'll think that you've behaved sensibly—at last!" he answered audaciously. "June knew she wouldn't see either of us again for some time when we left her at Victoria—June is a most discerning woman."

"She's a dear," said Esther softly. "I owe all my happiness to her."

Micky pretended he was offended.

"I'm under the delusion that you owed it to me," he said with dignity.

"To you!" Her face changed wonderfully; she bent her head and kissed the sleeve of his coat.

"I can't talk about what I owe you—it's just everything!"

Micky drew himself up in a dignified inch.

"I'm beginning to think I'm a very wonderful man, do you know?" he said, addressing some ordinary person.

Driving him to the door; he hesitated for just the faintest possible moment when he saw Esther, but his face was as stolid as ever.

Micky rose to the occasion, though he turned rather red.

"Driver," he said, "let me introduce you to my future wife—"

Driver touched a respectful forehead; if he felt surprise he did not show it.

He took a step down from the rack.

"We're—you was wanting to send a wire, sir?" he asked stolidly.

Micky looked at the girl beside him.

"Send June one from Paris," she said. "I don't know what she'll say—"

But June might have been expecting the wire, judging from the calm way in which she received it; she showed it to Rochester as if it were nothing out of the way; she looked over his shoulder as he read it.

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THE END.

Now turn to page 9 for the opening chapter of "The Man Who Forgot," by Ruby Ayres. This is the best story we have ever published.

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"THE MAN WHO FORGOT," By MISS RUBY M. AYRES, BEGINS TO-DAY. See page 9



Mr. Backhouse.



Mr. Watson.

Polling takes place at Stockton to-day. Mr. J. B. Watson is the Coalition candidate, and Mr. Edward Backhouse the Peace candidate.

THE COACHMAN'S HAT.



The tonneau coat which is worn with an artistic "coachman's hat." It can now be seen at Ernest's. —(Exclusive to *Daily Mirror*.)

Daily Mirror

A SERMON ON THE STAGE.



The husband and wife discussing the future.



The M.P. listens to stories told to the doctor.

Brieux's "Damaged Goods," which has been staged at the St. Martin's Theatre, is a powerful sermon, as it drives home the horror of the evil, and thus acts as a warning.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

GREAT CROWD AT IRISH NATIONAL FORESTERS' CHURCH PARADE.



This annual church parade was held at Dublin by permission of the military authorities.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



Miss Acland.



Mr. Stafford.

Mr. Cecil Stafford (K.R.R.C.), son of Sir Thomas Stafford, Bart., and Miss Sarah Beatrice Acland, who are engaged.—(Swaine.)

VICAR'S SUNDAY WORK.



The Rev. W. W. Bickford, vicar of St. Day (Cornwall), who has suspended Sunday morning services in order that he can till the soil.

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NAN MARSHALL

A Story of Absorbing Human Interest which will enthrall you
Begins To-day on Page 9.